By E. AND H. HERON.

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Massan, a little duchy in Europs, which has maintained its independence because of the jsaiousies of the large surrounding countries, seems shout to be the large surrounding countries, seems shout to be said of the large surrounding countries, seems shout to be swallowed up. Germany is represented at Revonde, the capital, by the shrewd stateman Baron von the capital, by the shrewd stateman Baron von the capital, by the shrewd stateman Baron von the capital by the shrewd stateman Baron von the capital stateman shout stateman should be shout stateman of the countries of the shout of resign his commission, frontier cavalry, is about to resign his commission, frontier cavalry, is about to resign his commission, the chancellor and "man of the board object to the appendment of the Englishman, Christ, aleader and a unitor for Valerie's hand, man. Christ, aleader and a unitor for Valerie's hand, man. Christ, aleader and a unitor for Valerie's hand, is the paices ball overwhelm the young Englishman with compratulations. Countees Sagan takes a next heart of the shift of dermany to disband the spirit of nichalf of Germany to disband the shift of nichalf of Germany to disband the shift of nichalf of Germany to disband the shift of nichalf of Germany to disband the counters fearing that the women will spoil the plot, which to cause the death of Valerie and of his wife the finite and of his wife. On Finite, Valerie and still believes he can carry out his as with Selphorf. Meantime the guards, Uniar, Indicts and Rallywood woo Valerie. Counters Sagan forces the danker of the young Englishman and the state of the shift of the sagan forces the danker of the young Englishman and the sagan fearing that the women will spoil the plot, which to cause the death of Valerie and of his wife. On Finite, Valerie and still believes he can carry out his and still selected the such as a carry of the sagan takes to carry valerie and still believes he can carry out his as with Selphorf. STROPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER XIV.

HALF A PROMISE. Ten minutes later a big, emblazoned footman brought Rallywood a summons from the Counters, as he stood talking to Counsellor and the Bussian attache.

As he moved away Blivinski placed a bony. impressive finger on Counsellor's sleeve. If he were not English you could not trust he said enigmatically.

ounsellor raised his bushy eyebrows with a humorous glance. "We have had our day." Ah, my friend, you'know most things. Also I know very tew." Blivinski said significantly. but with your nation petriotism is not a virtue, it is a part of your physical system. You to all for your country, not because it is right to do so, but simply because you cannot selp it the good God made you so. Therefore this young man, in face of the supreme emutation of youth, may be trusted. I speak of these things now because you will remember in good rime that those who are against you will not dare to injure" he removed the finger to his own breast-"us also!"

And the little, silent, swarthy man slipped away almost before Counsellor realized that Russia, the mighty, had given him a piedge which might prove of immense value in the uncertain future.

Bally wood found the young Countess crouching and shivering near a wood fire. She was magnificantly dressed in rich tones of royal purple that accentuated her delicate fairness and beauty, and a small diadem of amethysts shous in the pale gold of her hair.

She took no notice of his entrance, though she was neutely conscious that his eyes were her. She was hungry of his gaze and she believed in the newer of her own loveliness. Jack." she said at last, "come here. I wonder now why I sent for you, but I am miser-

She looked up with heavy lidded eyes. There was concern in his voice as he an swered her.

"If I told you all." she went on, "you would not believe me. I am now-to-night-in great danger."

In danger? Here? Where you are surcounded by friends?" replied Rallywood, beginning to wish himself well out of it. Had there been no Valerie Selpdorf, or even had he pot uttered those impulsive words which, to his mind, changed his position from the indefinite to the definite, the history of his life night have been turned into another channel that evening. As it was, though Valerie remained free as the wind, he felt himself to be in some vague manner bound to her.

Nonsense! You know how useless all these friends would be if things went wrong with They flatter the Countess of Sagan, but not one of them would make the smallest sacrifice for Isoide, the woman. I do not know if you, even you, are my friend. We talked about t-long ago. But I have not put you to the test, and I-I often wonder if our friendship still remains alive."

l am as I aiways was." he parried.

"I wonder if that is true?" She raised her drooping face again. "I don't know how to believe you. Why will you keep up this pretence of of reserve between us? You never tell me your troubles, and I suppose you have them, like the rest of us. We should be quite old friends now, and yet you are always so"the hesitated for a word-"courteous. you ever angry, for example?" "Very often."

"But not with me, and I have given you cause many a time. If you would be angry with me even once. Jack, causelessly angry, then I should know I had a friend to whom could go if I were in trouble-in such trouble as I am to-night!" "If there is anything I can do for you"-

The quiet tone annoyed her. She rose Quickly. "If-if-if! Any man could help me who enred."

"I wonder," she said wistfully, "how much you mean of what you say. I have no standard to judge you by, because you are not quite like other men. But I owe you my life, and I sometimes think it gives me a claim on

"I can never pretend you o we me anything: you were quite safe; no accident could have happened. You are far too good a norsewoman, though you were nervous for the mo-He spoke with a careless affectionateness, for the young Countess in her helpless beauty appealed to him. "Look at me!" she said tragically. "Do I

seem hateful?" ou are a young queen," he paused, and added, "a young queen seen in a dream! You are too ethereal to be of common earth.

"I am of common earth, like any other weman," she answered with a forlorn little smile: "I can be afraid and—I can love!" "Afraid? In your own castle, among your

Own reopla?" Yes, Jack. Don't think I am silly! It is quite true. You say you have not changed. that you are still my friend. You are my only one, then! I must look to you for protestion: I have no one else in the whole world." She was very near him, her little cold hand had caught his in her vehemence; she looked apprehensively behind her, and then spoke low in his ear: "I am afraid of my husband. He wishes to be rid'of me-I have seen it in his eyes. Sagan will kill me! Do you remember the night of the ball, when I gave you the firefly? Have'you kept it. I wonder? I said mine would be a short life. It is true. Sagno is tired of me. and I-Jack. I-loathe him!"

"But"— Rallywood began,
"You don't believe me? See this!" she rushed back a band of black velvet from her arm and held it out to him. This touched him more than all: the slender, blue-veined wrist with the marks of those cruel fingers clasped about it moved him far more than the temptahas of her delicate beauty. With an almost involuntary desire to comfort her as one might comfort and please a child, he bent above her hand and kissed the bruises.

I solde clung to him with a quick sob of relief. Tromise me. Jack, that you will save me! When danger threatens me I will send for you. You will come? You promise?"

But Hallywood was not in the least in love with Mme, de Sagan for all his pity. He was flashed across him.

I don't choose that she should amuse herself at my expense. As it is, she has brought most

of this trouble upon me." Rallywood may have been sagacious enough on some points, but on this particular one he was a fool. He was not at all aware that Mme. de Sagan with her innecent eyes and small brain was sifting him.

claimed.

she meant to defend you," he ex-

She laughed softly, and if a woman could have compassed the rule of a man by means of love and temptation. Rallywood was lost from that hour, for the rivalry of Valerie Selpdorf added the one incentive of bitter resolve that drives such slight-brained, jealous souls

to the last limit of reckless endeavor. "When I find myself in danger I will remindyou of the firefly, and you will come then." Jack!" she said. "You promise?"

"When you want me I will come as soon "But that's only a half promise."

"Yes," he replied, "but you know the other half is pledged already." She sprang up with elemened hands. "What? To Valorie? Aiready?"

"No, madame, to the Duke." "Ah, the Duke is well served!" she said sadly as he bowed at the door, but she laughed to herself when it closed behind him. "Yet you will come when I send for you, Jack!"

## CHAPTER XV.

COLENDORP. As the night deepened the wind again rose, its many voices howled about the castle and compelled the ear to listen. It volleyed, yell ing through the ravines, it roared among the lean pine trees like the surf on an open coast, it swept round the castle walls is long-drawn infuriated screaming, that seemed charged with echoes of wild pain and remoteness and fear. The narrow mosn had long since sunk behind the rack of storm-driven clouds, and left the mountains steeped in a tumultuous milk-colored darkness of snow and wind.

Within the massive walls the reception rooms were closed and empty at last. The guests had separated and night had taken possession Valerie, alone in her room, and oppressed

by the vague infection of wakefulness and fear. moved from window to window, listening to the will noises that were abroad and trying to reason herself out of the conviction of coming danger, which held her from sleep. She had thrown back the curtains from the

windows. Her room occupied an exposed corner of the castle tower, which stood on the edge of the gorge through which the Kofn chafed its way to the plains below the ford. A narrow strip of ground scarcely six feet in width alone separated the wall of the tower from the precipice that fell sheer away to the foaming water far below.

She tried to read, but could not fix her at tention. Her heart seemed in her ears and answered to every sound.

And all the while in the scattered rooms and shadowy passages the drama which involved her life was being slowly played out. Below on the ground floor of the tower Elmur and Bagan sat together.

"By the way, my dear Count, have you ever thought of the possibility of Capt. Colendorp's refusal to see things in our light?" Elmur was asking after an interval filled in by the noises of wind and water which could not be shut out of the castle on such a night.

The Count looked up and scowled. "Leave the management of the affair to me," "Leave the management of the affair to me." he said. "Unless I were sure of my man. I should not be such a fooljas to bring him here to listen to what I shall say to him to-night:" then he added as an afterthought, "when once we have begun. Baron von Elmur, there can be no going back. Remember that! The game must now, be played to the end, whatever that end is."

Elmur pondered. Sagan was a bad tool, at once stubborn and secretive, cunning enough to recognize and resent handling, thickheaded and vain enough to blunder ruinously. And Elmur found at the last and most important moment that for some unexplained reason he

and vain enough to blunder ruinously. And Elmur found at the less and most important moment that for some unexplained reason he had lost the whichand of Count Simon.

Up to this interview, by alternate bluffing and flattery, he had kept his place in the Count's confidence and exerted a guiding and restraining influence over him. Now Sagan held him at arm's length and was plainly determined to act according to his cwn judgment without consulting the German. The mischlef had, of course, been done by the news of Elmur's engagement to Selpdorf's daughter, for Sagan, like others of his limited mental development, was accasitively suspicious. Hence the bond between the two men was weak, in-asmuchias seither liked noritusted the other; but it was strong, since both were tenacious and both had staked all the future on the chance of forcing a new regime upos Maasau the Free. At this crisis, however, Elmur would gladly have hedged or masked his tosition, for he knew himself to be overmuch at the mercy of the equivocal tact and discretion of his ungovernable condjutor.

"To cannot help thinking that my presence at the outset will make Capt. Colendorp shy at any proposition whatever," said Elmur again.

"Do you want to draw back? You don't wish

at any proposition whatever," said Elmur again.

To you want to draw back? You don't wish to appear in the matter—is that it? By St. Anthony. You Elmur, you showed me the road that has brought me to this pass and you will have to stand by me now! Also you were wrong about Colendoro. When he sees for himself that I have Germany behind me it will decide his doubts—if he has any, which I don't expect. I have read the man. He is soured and ill-conditioned, the readlest stuff to make a rebel and a traitor of!"

What more Elmur might have urged was cut short by the entrance of Colendoro. He had left his sword outside.

He saluted Sagan in his stiff puncillious way, his dark and sallew face imrenertable.

"I am glad to see you, Capt. Colendoro," said Sagan with some constraint. Even he left the check of the man's fron impassiveness. "You sent for me, my lord," returned Colendoro, so one who hints that time is short and he would be through with business.

"Take a cigar," said the Count, pushing a box across the table, and also nouring out a generous glass of the liquor for the manufacture of which Massau is famous—the golden gilltering polson known as blzutte.

Colendorp accepted both in silence, but took a seat with a certain slow un willingness that was suggestive. Colendorp was at the best unrisible. His manner put an edge on Sagan's temper.

was suggestive. Colendorp was at the best unriable. His manner put an edge on Sagan's temper. He plunged into his subject.

"les. I seat for you, Capt Colendorp, because I believe you to be a faithful Maasaun. You are not one of those blind optimists who say because Maasau has been swinging so long between ruin and extravagance that she must swing on so forever. It is not possible!"

that she must swing on so forever. It is not possible!"
"I am sorry to hear that, my lord."
"No, I say it is not possible. Changes must be made. In these days of big armaments and growing kingdoms, Mansau can no longer stand alone. She must secure an ally, a friend powerful enough to back her up against all comers—a great nation who will make the cause of Mansau's freedom her own, and help us to preserve the traditions of our country."
Elmur half expected the soldier to point this speech for himself by a glance toward the representative of Germany, but Colesdorp sat uncesponsive and black-browed and gave no sign. "There is a party among us who advise us to wait until we are forced into a corner, and then to make choice of such as ally. But reasonable men know that a bargain one is driven to make must inevitably be a bad bargain. The only hope for Mansau is to move at once, and to move boldly before it is too late, and while we are still in a position to choose for ourselves under the conditions which suit us best and will best conduce to the preservation of our freedom."

Colendorp listened without any change of expression.

Colendorp listened without any change of expression.

"What is your opinion, Capt, Colendorp?" asked Sagan at last.

"The only difficulty would be to find a nation sufficiently disinterested for our purpose, my lord," replied Colerdorp deliberately,

"I have found one." Sagan indicated Elmur, but the guardsman still kept his gaze on the Count. "Only one small obstacle stands in the way of carrying out our plans—the plans, recollect, of the wiscest and most patriotic of our countrymen. I need not name th. "Colendorr apparently thought for a moment." "M. Selodorf?" he said.

"But not at all! Selodorf is one of the foremeat of my advisers."

Colendorp shook his head as if no other name occurred to him: Sagan bent across the table, the knotted hand on which he leaned twitching slightly. Colendorp listened without any change of ex-

the the knotted and on which he sended twitching slightly.

"You do not speak, but you know the truth.
And you know the the Duke."
Colendorp's silence was telling on Sagan's self-control.

"Yes, the Duke!" he reiterated. "He has never given a thought to the welfare of Man-Colendoro's silence was telling on Sagan's self-control.

"Yes, the Duke!" he reiterated. "He has never given a thought to the weifare of Manau. Its revenues are his necessity. That is all: If the ruler will not take the interests of the country into consideration his people must supply his place. Do not misunderstand my words!" for at length a blacker frown passed over the iron face of the listener. "My meaning is not to hurt the Duke at all: our one wish is to urge uron him the only course left for the, safety of the country. To that end we must all combins. So long as his Highness believes he can depend on his Guard to back him he will hold out against even the most reasonable demands. Therefore the Guard must be with us."

flickering path of light east by the lamp in Elmur's hand.

For an instant Colendorp stood swaving on the yielding snow by the edge of the precipiee, and as he swaved his voice climbed through his broken throat:

"Mansau the Free! Long live the Duke! The Duke's man—I—Colendorp of."—

The wind had lulled for a second. Again the mad blast caught and wrenched Colendorp's figure, the snow gave between his feet and he plunged forward heavily into the gorge of the Rofn River. The broken snow, whilled up in agreat cloud by the eldying gusts, shone in the lamplight for a second like a wild toss of spray, and then settled again upon the narrow terrace, obliterating all marks there. A window overhead was pushed open, but aiready the band of light upon the snow was gone, and nothing remained for Valerie's eves but a chaos of gloom. Yet she had seen something. Dimy through the double glass she had discerned the green and gold of the guard on the swaying figure before it drouped away forever into the night.

CHAPTER XVI

A few minutes later a knocking came to Mme. de Sagan's door. It was low and urgent. She ran to open it, her heart in her throat. A hand pushed her aside with the rough, careless force of full control. She recoiled with an exclamation, for a glance showed her that the Count was in one of his most deadly moods. "What have you done? Where is Seledorf's daughter" he snarled.

As Mms. de Sagan shrank from the menacing hand the door opened a second time, and valerle herself stumbled in with a bloodless face. "WITH YOUR LIPS TO THE HURT."

de. At the sight of the Count she drew herself to

Valerie herself stumbled in with a bloodless face.

At the sight of the Count she drew herself together like one who faces an unexpected her!.

"I abologize for coming, but I am frightened. The sterm is dreadful. So I came to you, solde." I solde put out her hands with a sobbing cry.

"I am frightened, too," she said, with a swift, resentful glance at her husband. "I was soming for you. Stay with me, Valerie. I will not be left alone."

Sagan looked from one to the other of the two beautiful faces, and a sensation of surprised dismay, to which he was a stranger, arose in his mind. Hitherto women had been to him possessions, not problems. Now a very ancient truth burst in upon him with all the force of a revelation. To own a woman is not always to understand ner. The unexpected definace on his wife's face confounded him. "Isolde!" he began, stepping toward her. But the young Countesa clung to Valerie. "Stay with me, Valerie!" she implored. "I m far more frightened than you, for I know what there is to fear."

With a loud curse of bewilderment he strode out, banging the door behind him. Isolde sprang to it, slitoring the bolts with trembling fingers. Then she threw herself upon a couch and broke into pitiful sobbing.

Valerie stood looking down at her in an agony of suspense, yet remembering that self-control is the chief rule of every game. Presently she but her hand on Isolde's shoulder. The young Countess started up with a suppressed scream. "I had forgotten you were there. Valerie, he will murder me! He hates me! Valerie looked around. After the scene she had ust witnessed, this suggestion did not sound so wild as it would have done at another time.

"You are nervous, Isolde: one could facey anything on such a night," she said soothingly.

"Have you lived so long in Maasau without knowing that here at Sagan everything is pos-

anything on such a blood.

Have you lived so losg in Maasau without knowing that here at Sagan everything is possible? He threatens me, and, oh, my God, what shall I do?"

Valerie sat down beside her and put a steady hand upon her arm. She had her own object in this visit, but it must be approached with caution.

caution.

"I am here. I will helr you!" she said reassuringly.

Isolde sat up and put her arm round her companion's shoulders.

"I must trust you—though——. Valerie, there is one person who might be able to help me tonight," she whispered close to the girl's ear, "He might save me. But he must come to me—here—now! I dare not leave this room. Simon!——She shivered.

"Who is it?" 'A new coldness crept into Valerie's voice as she listened.

"Can you not guess? It is Capt, Itallywood."

"Valerie had braced herself to meet this, and if only added proof to her own fears for his safety. Come what might, she would undertake any message from Isolde to get the opportunity of warning the Duke's Guard of the coming danger and to tell the fate of that gallant figure now toesing to and fro in the nattering rush of the Kofn. She drew herself away from Isolde's embrace with a shudder.

"What is the matter with you?" Isolde peered unat her with a quick scrutiny. "You are shaking all over. Valerie, is it because of him?"

"I am very cold." returned the girl, with a I am here. I will helr you!" she said re-

with Mms. de Sagan for all his pity. He was again master of himself and as odd suspicion flashed across him.

I feel certain you are mistaken." he research! "but you have another friend who can be of more service than I just now, Mile. Selpsor!"

The Countess sank back into her chair. "What do you know of Valerie?" she asked to work who word to back him he will hold out against even the most reasonable demands. Therefore the Guard must be with us."

"I am very cold," returned the girl, with a smile. "I am oute willing to bring—Capt. Hally wood. But where is he?"

"It is no urge upon him the only course left for the safety of the country. To that end we must all combine. So long as his Highness believes he can depend on his Guard to back him he will hold out against even the most reasonable demands. Therefore the Guard must be with us."

"I am not the colonel of the Guard," said Colendorp quietly. Sagan took this in some form as an agreement with his views, some

could she lend berself to tempt him to his own dishonor? A cruel question rose within her. Should she put him to the supreme test of life and love—would she not rather know him dead in the cold rive: than living and false to her dim ideal of him?

"There is no time to spare." Isolde's voice broke in upon her. "If you could make him know the danger I stand in, he must come! Bemind him of his promise to me."

"But it he will not come?" Valerie forced the words.

Virginia Settlements That Lie in Pictu-

Bemind him of his promise to me."

"But if he will not come?" Valerie forced the words.

"Then ask him to give you the cigarette case of Massaun leatherwork. That will remind him of many things. But he will come," she ended, more confidently.

Valerie rose.

"I am ready. I know the passages are watched. I saw no one, yet I felt the shadows were full of eyes. Lend me your sable cloak. Isolde. Every one will recognize that, and with this lace about myhead i shall be free to go where I please as the Countess Sagan."

"Vaierie"—Mme, de Sagan held the girl back.

"listen tome. You must make him come. I must tell you all. Rallywood is in danger. Nothing can save him unless you separate him from the Duke." She stopped, panting, then bared her arm. "Remind him how he promised me—with his hips upon the hurt. Now, go!"

The next second Valerie Selpdorf found her-

then bared her arm. Remind him how he promised me-with his hips upon the hurt. Now, go!"

The next second Valerie Selpdorf found herself alone in the dim corridor in which the lights harmed low. She stood quite still, the shock of the last sentence, "with his line upon the hurt," still ringing in her ears. Rallywood, with the clear gray eyes and that look in them which remained persistently in her memory. Her father had taught her to suspect the whole world. But she had chosen to think differently of this man, even when she told herself she hated him. Different from others greent from the universal stain of hypoerisy one to be trusted, if it were rossible to trust any. Then she turned upon herself. After all, had he deceived her, had she not rather deceived herself. He had spoken openly to her of his despiring secret of the woman he could never hope to win. And she had concluded—what? Nothing definite, but there had been a dim thought. Oh, it was unbearable. But why did she linger to think of this, while Maasau itself was in danger?

She hurried along the passages, moving with a soft swittness of silken garments, and as she passed, the hidden eves of the watchers looked out after the muffled figure. Mue, de Sagan was free to come and go.

From the head of the great staircase a nar-

out after the muffled figure. Mme, de Sagan was free to come and go.

From the head of the great staircase a narrow corridor branched away to the Duke's quarters. A very dim light shone from the embrasure at the end as she hurried along, and before she could stop herself she ran right into the arms of a fall man, who was coming out toward her.

He put her zently back against the wall and looked at her, but the lace was drawn close about her face.

out toward her.

He put her gently back against the wall and looked at her, but the lace was drawn close about her face.

"I must pas," she said.

The man's back was to the light, but she knew the share of the head and shoulders.

"No one can pass, madame." knew the shape of the head and shoulders.

"No one can pass, madame."

The relief of knowing Rallywood was safe jarred in her mind with the hideous suspicion that Isolde's allumements had after all conquered his allegiance to the Duke. He had clearly recognized the cloak and believed her to be the Countess. She would have been more than woman not to take advantage of the mistake. She bent forward a little.

"Come with me," she whispered.

"I camput."

I cannot.
"Do you forget your promise?"
"Do you forget your promise?"—he glanced back
the Duke's door—"you know I could make

none."

But I am in danger—and you promised, surely you promised, with your lies there!"

Rallywood stared at the shapely hand and firm white wrist thrust out from the dark sables, with a great leap at his heart. The ht took him unawares. Valerie!" he exclaimed.

MAN OF SPIRIT CRUSHED. Midnight Adventure of a Dapper Youth

and a Giant Policeman. Policeman Murphy's beat was in the board-

ing-house district, a law-abiding portion of the city, and by midnight the streets were usually dark and quiet. This night was no exception. and he did not need to practice vigilance. He stood in the doorway of a corner grocery, leaned a huge shoulder against the iron pillar of the grocer's door and turned a vacant eye on the garlage barrel and box of ashes which the grocer had put on the edge of the curb for the first garbage eart of the morning. There was nothing unusual about either, except that the box had been placed on the barrel, and the barrel projected some few inches over the

Further down the street he caught sight of a youth approaching. He was whistling an orchestral interlude, and Murphy decided sleepily that he had spent the evening at a theatre and came now from escorting his companion to her home. His hat was on the back of his head, and he swung his arms as he walked with the jauntiness of a young man who has a high opinion of himself and has the memory of a pretty smile to approve that

him to be well dressed and well featured. He walked with an airy exuberance of motion to walked with an arryextherance of motion to relieve his good spirits, tapped the light pole with a knuckle as he passed it and swung a kick into the inviting garbage barrel with no intention of wrongloing. But the barrel lost its balance on the curb and toppied into the readway. The box of cinders apread on the clean asphalt, and a half bushel of decayed fruits and vegetables littered the gutter. He umned aside to escape the cloud of ashes and jumped aside to escape the cloud of ashes and turned to laugh at the mess he had made. Murphy stepped up behind him. "Now, young man, he said, "you can pick that up again."

The young man looked over a careless shoulder. "Eh?" he asked.

Murphy repeated: "You can pick that up again." ogain.

Oh, can I?" he smiled. "What's the matter with you?"
Murphy was just sufficiently tired to be bad-natured. "You pick up that stuff," he ordered.

What the deuce! Oh, come off," the boy laughed.

Murphy was just sufficiently tired to be badnatured. "You pick up that stuff," he ordered.
What the deuce! Oh, come off, "the boy
laughed.
Murphy answered neither the expostulation
of the first expression nor the incredulity of
the second. His order had been given. He
saw the gloved hands of his victim and promised himself that he would ask no more than a
pretence of obedience—the raising of the barrel, perhaps. But he wished that promptly.
He of the gloves was becoming angry. "Say,"
he sputtered, "this is too officious. I didn't
klek over that stuff on purpose."
Murphy bridled at the charge of officious
ness. "Hump yourself," he said.
The other flushed at the tone of authority.
"I'll be hanged if I do," he answered, and
turned up the street.
Murphy laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.
He shook it off with a boy's oath. The policeman hooked a disrespectful forefinger in his
coat collar and drew him back. He caught the
official arm and struggled with it; lost his
head and struck at the constable's face. The
blow went wide. Murphy picked him up, shook
him till his hat rolled on the sidewalk, and carried him over to the garbage.
"Now," he said, "pick that up or you come
with me."
The bellicose youth slipped on a soft onlon
and answered hotly, "I won't, I won't."
Murphy held him by the elbow. He looked
about for an escays. The electric light stared
coldly down at him. The rows of dark houses
promised no interference. He was alone with
the indifferent night, in the clutches of the law,
the disgrace of a police court prosecution
awaiting him with the morning, and no witnesses to prove his innocence. His head was
bare to the cold winds, and his neckwear was
uncomfortably funched under his ear. The
struggle had broken his dignity. He swore
again weakly.
"Come on," Murphy said. "Don't make
trouble for yourself."
"Oh, you big bully," he quavered. "You
couldn't take a fellow your size."
"Murphy watched him, smiling. "Pick it up,"
he advised more gently.
"You'll pay for this," he threatened, reaching for the ba

"Hetter not spoil your gloves." Murphy answered. "That fruit is overripe."

answered. That truit is overrige.

"You"—
He swallowed the word, and took off the gloves. Murrhy kicked some scattered vegetables over to him. He cast them violently into the barrel. A decayed apple breaking in his fingers stirred him to more abuse. Murphy listened and smiled, and the stolid houses watched outraged respectability, in patent leathers and a fashiomable cloth, gathering had lemons, patheses, oranges, apples, not what emons, potatoes, oranges, apples, and what not from the gutter, to east them, bewailing he indignity, in a broken much in a garbage barrel.

He stopped to scrape off his fingers on the edge of it. "I can't pick up the ashes," he said

edge of it. "I can't pick up the ashes," he said at last.
"You can pick up the box."
He picked up the box. Murphy handed him his hat. He suatched it suikily and turned away. Murphy watched him disappear, then went laughing down his heat.
Half a block below he stopped, with a sudden thought and turned upon his heel. He stole back past the corner light and hid again in the grocer's doorway.
The street was empty for ten long, midnight minutes.
Then another figure appeared on the opposite finites.
Then another figure appeared on the opposite. Then another figure appeared on the opposite sidewalk. He watched from the shelter of a doorway, crossed in a shalow and hurried up to the garbage barrel. With one violent kick he upset it again in the gutter. When he turned to run Murphy had him by the arm.

Now, young man, he said grimly, 'you'll pick up the ashes this time.'

And when the driver of the garbage cart reached that corner in the morning he puzzled a long time over the appearance of the gutter.

It ain't a hen, 'he argued, 'that a been ceratching up those ashes. And it ain't a dog. It ain't a hen," he argued, "that's been scratching up those ashes. And it ain't a dog. It ain 't unless," he added, suddenly, "some one's been in 'em with his fingers."

BYWAYS OF THE POTOMAC.

LEISURELY JOURNEY IN A REGION UNDISTURBED BY TIME.

resque and Placid Repose Out of the Tourist's Route—The Old Steamboat That Connects It with the World. "We have ourlong tides on this river. They un criss-cross, and it ain't every man trained up to boat running in other places as can manage with 'em," said the Potomac River pilot, taking one hand off the wheel to give a good generous tug at the boat's whistie. "No, there ain't no landin' on this side again till we git to Stiff's, but that's the signal to Miss Sallie Adams that there's somebody aboard for her place. See, that's the house vonder with the red tower showin' through the trees. Whenever we bring down company for her we blow as we go by, and she's figured it out that if the horse is caught right then and the boy drives over slow he'll meet the boat on time. I bet right now Miss Sallie's calling out the window to 'em to hitch up and the little coon what waits round is gettin' out his white apron to put on for company. Fine woman, Miss Sallie. She used to send out breakfast to the Captain sometimes when she had a wharf of her own and the boat landed there, and the fried chicken and corn cakes and coffee enough for the three of us, all fixed up pretty and covered with a white napkin, would, make your mouth

water after being on the river all night. "As I was sayin' 'bout these here tides, I've seen men come down from the North, all in for showin' us what was business and how to run a boat, and they would get in a bungle first thing, almost fore they left the dock. A man has to be raised up on the Potomac to know it. and you can just bet those of us in the secret never let on nor helped 'em'out none. That light streak over to the left beyond the point is one of the best fishing shores on the river. A New York widow owns it. Her husband was a fisherman, and when he died she took hold and leased it cut. White perch, sturgeon, Potomao River shad-you've heard of Potomao River shad?-oysters and crabs of the best. there's something to get all the time. All them flat-looking houses is fishermen's shantles, but these fishin' people 'long the shore are a tough set. There's a sayin' over in St. Mary's that every child born there, boy or girl, is born with a whiskey bottle in one hand and a deck of cards in the other, and

they migh 'bout hit it right, for a fact." "Here, you, shift the seew round some, so's we can get up!" is the order shouted some minutes later as the pilot, one hand yet on the wheel and the other on the bellpull, leans out of the window to direct the boat's landing "Not that way, you numbekulls; back, further back!

The three negroes taking their noon rest on the gravel seew make haste to poke her out of the way. The steamer's slowing-up bell clangs Impressively, the engine stops going and there is a falling off of breeze with a sudden sense of stillness as the 'waggish old sidewheeler makes fast to the thirteenth landing

on her schedule.
"Stiff's, Va.—Post Office, Store and Grist Mill," is the sign on the little squat-roofed shelter put up on stilts at the end of the long wharf, a wharf unrailed and so narrow and rambling as to preclude the idea of its being anything but a mere footpath to the shore, Stiff's, doubtless, has never been done into song, sketch or story. It is non-come-at-able to the rest of the world, except from the waterfront, and the one boat company in the secret is for keeping that approach shut off and inviolable. Otherwise the army of material hunters would have fallen upon it long ago, dissecting and infecting its uncontaminated haunts, rubbing the bloom off its ingenuousness, and making it all of a piece with the three-trains-a-day, boat-every-hour, sceneryunsurpassed, sunsets-especially-prepared, seafanned-by-river-breezes" resorts that blister the face of summer from end to end of the continent.

Like some old ante-bellum flower born to blush unseen. Stiff's is mellowed in with the peace and placidity of the Potomac like one of its own rooks and turns, screnely undisturbed at being done with and left out of the count while Time goes on attending to other matters. The most unobservant stranger on the ters. The most unobservant stranger on the boat, the voyager who had had his eyes shut all the way down the river, could tell his whereabouts on bringing up at that landing without referring to the "Va." on the sign. The figures on the wharf are all of the Old Dominion. Two long, lean, tan-visaged men, in homespun garband loosely woven straw hate, stand guard over a shiny mess of fish, strung trimly on twigs and heaped together in the shadow of he shelter house wall. A black boy, in half rations as to clothes and with a felt head covering of the color of an old manse, sits crabbing off at one side, flinging out his strings in unperturbed, sure-to-catch-tem fashion, and a bilthe-faced sprife of a girl, the sun shining perturbed, sure-to-eatch-'em fashion, and a blithe-faced sprite of a siri, the sun shining full on her woolly head and the faded skirte blown about her slim black lees, stands looking up at the boat in rapt laterest and wonder. "There you are, Lou, How's all? How's diss Alice?" says the elderly woman in mourning who has steeped off the gangelank. And Lou, darts, forward to take the passenger's satchel and is heard to answer question after question in her quaint, childish treble as the two walk off to where the baggage is being trundled.

ing who has steeped off the anagrains. And addition for ward to have the taken and the provided of the provide

have eropped out from the old roots bear

have eropped out from the old roots bear plenteously.

As for electricity, the only gleam of that modern-day revolutionizer known in the entire region from Albandria to Point Look out is the furtive searchilath east by the Norson that the furtive searchilath east by the Norson that the furtive searchilath east by the Norson that the navalened waves tell about long afterward as they come running in to shore. It is a way with the Potomae liver country to have things go by and leave it as before. The Norfolk boals go by the Baltimore boats go by and the Washington boats go by and the washington boats go by the get used to managing without them and to making dians for getting away from and esting back to their homes with as much elaboration and forestalling of contingencies as would conduct a party, ordinarily, six times the distance.

Washington people who elect to visit places down either shore of the lotemax must leathr themselves bettines in the morning to get the local category. Any other boat will either only take then part way down stream or eise vorage past their destination, showing them. Tantalus fashion, the place they may not reach, Those made wary by acquaintance with the river transit secure a stateroom on the boat before starting. There are a good many ropes to be known. Whoever, for instance, would dream on seeing the boat start off so bline and brisk from the Washington dock, backing clear over to the opposite bank before turning her head down stream, like a dancer making ready for a fine courtesy, that not six miles distant she would come to a dead stou and lie to, doing aimost nothing, long enough to have accomplished half her journey. Potomac River dwellers who are on to this annies get their morning sleep out and fake a ferry over to the second starting blace in time to eath the old deceiver, but the stranger who had no manner of warning is taken above.

"The going to St. Llements, Mr. B.; got the three children's nightzowns.

There is one person aboard the boart's house, from long custom, that

who "plays onposite," or the banished duke in two and a haif, it's sere seldom that we have to wait three," was the cheering nawer, and the haif it we light as well go and unpack the children's nighticers, and the ready of the bounding India rubber man, plays the smile grows broader and rors may on any one man or sellow of the bounding India rubber man, plays the smile grows broader and broader, and one man or sellow of the month of the rubbine sellow of the month of the rubbine sellow of the month of the rubbine sellow of the haif of the rubbine haif of the rubbine sellow of the haif of the rubbine haif of the rubbine sellow of the haif of the rubbine haif of t something." is the Captain's word, and the initiated know that they can depend on traditiating the moment he can't put his mind's finger on the very place they are bound for, he'll find it out by easy stages as they progress

oward the bay.

Potomac River locomotion is a paradox in Potomac River locomotion is a paradox in its 'accountability' and non-accountability; its missings and back actions and its elastic accommodations, but it is all an open secret to those who know, just as the cross tides are plain sailing to the native pilots who chuckle over their learned competitors and are themselves able to follow the right course as unseringly in the dead of night or in stormswept confusion as though feeling were seeing.

## A THEATRE IN THE FOREST

STRACUSE'S RUSTIC PLATHOUSE ON THE BANKS OF ONONDAGA.

In a Season It Has Become a Favorite Outing Place with Rich and Poor Alike-In Many Respects It Is Probably Without Its Counterpart in This Country at Least. Sygacuse, N. Y., July 29. - "Twenty-five ninutes by troiley from the Forest of Arden is a new phrase which Syracuse folk of an imaginative turn of mind now employ in describing their location. To be sure, a very good make-believe Arden may be found in any town that has a playhouse with four walls to shut out the rest of the world; "wings" and "flats" of painted trees, a "drop" of woodland scenery and plenty of green-dyed excelsior matting for grass. But to the real Arden something more is requisite-a blue sky with sunshine and fleecy clouds, green leaves and waving branches to close around, mossy trunks to lean upon and soft grass under foot that simple Coris may pasture his sheep withal. And the Arden to which Syracuse is flocking has all these and more. For it is peopled.

True enough, to the person entirely lacking in that fortunate faculty, imagination, it might be somewhat difficult to see Rosalind in the girl who, clad in numerous spangles and seanty pink fleshings, does a turn with a Japanese umbrella upon the tight wire; Orlando in the youth with a Bowery accent who sings sentimental verses instead of pinning them upon the trees and distracts his grief with a clog dance; Touchstone in the "Rube" with a wisp of out straw for a necktic, his Audrey the rather mature person in dirty pink slippers who "plays opposite," or the banished duke in the once popular minstrel who tells the story of the bounding India rubber man, plays the banjo and in suitable stead of

Like is a little later in the season, but before the foliage has gone, by a cast of local amateurs with the assistance of some eminent star, for the benefit of one of the charitable institutions of the city. Syracuse has some really capable amateurs, and indeed a good number of professionals, and it is thought that such a performance given practically alfresco would be more than usually profitable. It is at least sale to say that in no theatre in the world could a more realistic performance of Shakespeare's most delightful comedy be given. a more realistic performance of t most delightful comedy be given.

QUAIL AND DIPLOMACE.

Five European Nations Involved in This Controversy.

That a game bird should be the subject of diplomatic negotiation between five of the nations of Europe is one of the curiosities of nternational controversy. The facts are these; The European quall, or, rather, the quall that is found there in the spring, summer and autumn is not an indigenous bird, but a migrant. Northern Africa and the Nile Valley are its winter home, but in the spring it crosses the Mediterranean en route to England, Ireland and central Europe, from Hungary to South Russia, where it breeds, and whence, when that function is complete and the young fully grown, in the late autumn it returns to Africa. migration in the spring these qualis are caught in nets, not only in Egypt, but on the Islands of the Mediterranean, the coast of the Pontine marshes and in Sicily. where they were sometimes netted in the past to the extent of 100,000 a day. The greatest catches were made on the Bosporus. In the Islands of the Greek archipelago they are cured and smoked, and a large trade is carried on in them. In Italy in former times the netting of them was the more persistent, and so numerous

them. In Italy in former times the netting of them was the more persistent, and so numerous were they that when in flight during the night they overturned small boats pear the shore by alighting on their sails and rigging. Formerly, when there was only a demand for the birds for local consumption, no restrictive measures were employed to prevent their capture; but now, through means of rapid transportation, all of the markets of Europe and Great Britain are supplied with them. They are transported alive in crates, and are fattened before being sold.

The result of this enormous netting of the emigrating qualis is to reduce greatly the number that is available to the sportsman for the autumn shooting. Formerly from forty to sixty were considered a good day's average to the single gun in the various countries which they visited. This average is now reduced to one of ten or twelve, and the determined protest of the influential sportsmen has aroused the governments interested to put an end to their capture during the spring emigration.

While each European State can and does protect its non-migratory game birds, it can do nothing for the protection of qualis without agreement of the various nations within whose territories they neat and breed. To accomplish this France. Austria, Germany and Switzerland have signed a protocol forbidding the netting of qualis within their borders and the transportation of Expptian birds are destined for consumption solely in English steamers and their transit aeross the countries interested cannot be prohibited so long as the birds are destined for consumption solely in English market, nullifies and Trieste is English steamers and their transit aeross the countries interested cannot be prohibited so long as the birds are destined for consumption solely in English market, nullifies and Trieste is English steamers and their transit to prohibit netting in the valley of the largest catch of spring quali is made in Egypt, and the one the most family to the subjects of the Queen, assumes a